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reviews his possessions, "That is a picture I would like to have refused at the Salon!" he said. He hoped it might quicken the conscience of luxury to the cry of want, — that cry which, when it calls itself Socialism, proclaims anarchy as God's solution of the inequality of human conditions.

The future of Europe is in these pictures of Millet, for that solution is apparently impossible. Nor is it without meaning that from the clear sunshine of America we look at these sad bands of peasants so near the mental level of their fellow-workers, the cattle, with an amazed pity; for we are the solution. We know no peasantry. Nature touches with the aristocracy of ownership the poor emigrant as he struggles to our shores. We receive the overplus of the dangerous swarms of Europe, landless and foodless, and make them into men, and we feed those that are left at home from our overflowing stores.

Therefore America loves these pathetic figures of Millet, these types of a life so foreign to our own, this poetry of poverty, which seems to us quite as sweet as the poetry of affluence and splendor. We love his art, but most we love the man, for we feel that, where so much is false, he was genuine, keeping the flavor of the soil, keeping the candor of his soul a reality amid shams, — one who teaches while he pleases, and in his way a missionary to humanity, holding, in one bond, the prince and the serf who toils upon his estate.

M. Sensier has paid to his friend the compliment of an *édition de luxe*. He has evidently thought him — and the world agrees with him — worthy of such a presentation. Illustrations after Millet — mostly reproductions of original drawings and etchings, by the phototype and heliogravure processes — are abundant, and their method retains his breadth and rugged, rustic charm extremely well. The one we prefer, and which has the whole mystery of night, the shouting shepherd, and the dim crowd of sheep whose backs the moon fringes, is a poem in itself. Of the many treatments of the shepherd's life, it seems to be the one in which truth to nature and imagination unite to satisfy. This has for its title, *Le Berger au Parc*.

T. G. APPLETON.

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN, *Peintre et Écrivain*. Par M. LOUIS GONSE, *Directeur de la Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. *Ouvrage augmenté d'un Voyage en Égypte, et d'autres Notes et Morceaux inédits de Fromentin, et illustré de Gravures hors Texte et dans le Texte*. Paris: A. Quantin. 1881. [New York: J. W. Bouton.] 4to.



HAT Eugène Fromentin painted finer pictures with his pen than with his brush will, we think, be generally allowed, and is at least implied by his biographer, who, while speaking in terms of unqualified praise of the writer's style, diction, and descriptive power, admits the painter's weaknesses, springing from insufficient technical training (p. 37). "With the pen in his hand," says M. Gonse, "Fromentin is not only an unrivalled painter, but also an ingenious, alert, and nervous thinker, and an incomparable observer. He stands with George Sand, Théophile Gautier, Mérimée, and Renan, among the purest prose writers of the generation now passing away." (p. 256.) Elsewhere we read of Fromentin, the artist (pp. 126, 127): "He is rather a painter by instinct than by education, and his instinct is

often a better guide to him than patient studies would have been. Sensitive, in the most refined acceptance of the word, he is consequently nervous, tender, and a little restless. This elegant, harmonious, and well-balanced painter of the Algerian school is the product of a compromise between Descamps, Marilhat, and Delacroix, the genre, the landscape, and the historical painters of the East."

That the two first, of whom Fromentin especially admired Marilhat, surpassed him in painting the East, with its brilliant lights and luminous shadows, its dawns and its sunsets, its Arabs and their silken-flanked steeds, its mosques and tombs and courtyards, its deserts and oases, its rivers and the skies which they reflect, is certain; but we shall look in vain among artists, or even among men of letters of artistic perceptions, for his rival in the art of describing those varied aspects of nature and life which distinguish the country of his predilection from all others, and make it a paradise to those who idolize color and take delight in the picturesque. More than this, if we regard Fromentin as the author of *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*, a book which has few if any equals of its kind in literature, we must acknowledge him to be one of the most original, penetrating, and competent of art critics. In this book we find Holland as vividly and faithfully depicted as is the East in the glowing pages of his earlier works on the Sahara and the Sahel, and moreover obtain the sometimes questionable, but always carefully considered, opinions of a most able and far-seeing critic about the paintings of those great artists who transferred Holland, with all its peculiar beauties and individualities, to canvas, for our never-ending delight.

That Fromentin was something of an iconoclast is proved by his attempt to shake the world's estimate of Rembrandt's *Ronde de Nuit* and his *Leçon d'Anatomie*, as well as by the sturdy way in which he takes Paul Potter's famous bull by the horns; but even when, as here, he assumes the attitude of a "frondeur," he commands respectful attention, inasmuch as he gives reason for the faith which is in him, and shows why he differs from other critics in his opinions. M. Gonse divides his book into two principal parts, treating successively of the painter and the writer. In its opening chapters he tells the uneventful story of the artist's life.

Born at La Rochelle, on the 24th of October, 1820, Fromentin began early to show literary aptitude, which budded in indifferent poetry, and bore fruit in admirable prose. After studying law at Paris, he took to art, studied successively with Rémond and Cabat, and began his independent career as a painter after a visit to Algeria in 1846, which determined the scope and nature of his art. From that time each successive Salon found Fromentin a successful contributor, and gave him a more and more secure position among the leading French painters of his time. To those who do not know his pictures, the illustrations in M. Gonse's book will give but an incomplete idea of the art of a painter whose forte lay rather in color than in drawing. They however suffice to show that his perception of character and his feeling for that peculiar form of the picturesque which has its home in the East were such as fully entitled him to cry, with Correggio, "Anch' io son pittore." He died in 1876, just as the doors of the Institute were about to open before him, and France mourned the loss of a distinguished artist and an incomparable writer.

CHARLES C. PERKINS.